
Title: The Death Song

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It was very long ago in
old Brittania that the
world turned upside down.
That a normal girl caused
a world of pain and
sorrow for the people.
It was all because of her
voice.

The girl's name was
Violetta. She loved horses
and spending time near
the water. Her most
prized possession though,
was her beautiful singing
voice.

Violetta had a brother, a
sister, and four horses.
She lived a very normal
life. She seemed a very
normal girl, excluding the
fact that she had a very
odd talent.

Every time she sang to
any living being, they
would be under a trance.
It seemed she had
hypnotized them with
music.

She soon discovered
during a most accidental
occurrence, that if she
told them to do
something while they were
in this trance, they
followed her orders
willfully.

It came to her as a bit
of a surprise, but she
only sang to herself, so
that it had no affect.

She could easily undo the
spell. All she had to do
was tell them to return
to a normal state of
mind, and they would do
so, with no memory
whatsoever of the
occurrence. One day the

young girl was venturing through the woods at a blistering speed on horseback. Violetta loved racing around, especially on horseback to new places she had never ventured before. She met a man venturing in the forest as well. His name was Charles and he seemed a very charming and amiable man to the young fourteen-year-old girl.

He asked her to follow him to his destination, which was not terribly far from the very place they were standing.

Having nothing to do till dinner, the young girl agreed eagerly.

Charles brought her into his dark, grand castle.

The girl was intimidated by the scariness of it all. Violetta was scared out of her wits, but the sweet character of the handsome man, and his friendly and reassuring words helped her to overcome it. The place didn't seem too scary after she had been in there awhile.

He convinced her to stay for awhile longer, and eventually she ended up staying there for a few days. She fell for the man's charm, and he put on a very believable act.

He seemed the sweetest person she'd ever met and she convinced herself that she wasn't ever going back. The truth is, Charles had many things in mind for Brittania, but they weren't necessarily good ones.

The girl had great faith and trust in what he said by now, because it seemed he was the only one who cared for her.

She felt alone often when
she was back at home,
for she spent most of
her time with the
animals.

Violetta trusted him
because she felt he was
the only one who would
look out for her.

Charles asked her a
favor, to use her singing
voice to bring people
over. To order them
around and to make them
do what he had decided
for them. Violetta was a
bit apprehensive about
following his orders, but
he knew the way to her
heart and he used his
social skills well.

"Dearest Violetta, the
world has been cruel to
you. Ever so cruel. Those
people who have wronged
you or treated you
badly...don't you wish to
repay them and let them
walk in your shoes for a
little while? Feel the pain
you've felt? Deal with
the things of which
you've dealt?"

Violetta thought over it
a bit. It was true. It
was all true. To her
anyway. She wanted them
to feel that pain. The
anger inside of her
wanted them to feel the
pain she had felt all of
those years.

Violetta agreed to
Charles's request and
readily helped him in his
thirst for power. She
helped change their minds
and made them do things
even against their will
because of their
vulnerability to her power.
There was nothing they
could do, and Violetta had
no thoughts of changing
that.

After word of the lady's
location was spread, many
a knight rode off to

save the land, and many
a knight was either killed
or hypnotized.

There was only one who
had the confidence he
could save the land after
all of those attempts had
been failed.

Violetta's own brother
Igneus. Nobody believed
that young Igneus had
what it took, but he
believed he was the only
one who could get it
done.

The day he set out, he
bid farewell to his family
and set off at a fiery
speed through the wood.

"What if death is the
only option?" he thought to
himself. "It isn't!"

Igneus shook the thought
from his head as he
continued his ride. It was
a good three days of
riding and resting before
he finally reached the
dark castle.

He pulled his father's
sword from his sheath
and fought off the
normally sweet mannered
people that were
attacking him as he
darted through the door
and ran up several levels.

When he finally reached
the level that Violetta
and Charles were standing
on, he was out of breath.

Violetta wanted him gone,
but knew singing was of
no use at all.

Being smart as he was,
as soon as Igneus saw
Charles, he knew exactly
what happened. He knew
Violetta wasn't the type
to conjure up such foul
ideas on her own.

Igneus fought the man
who had seduced his
sister and succeeded in
battle, getting him in a
blow to the chest.

Charles said a spell
before he died, and Igneus

found he could hear.

"Sing...sing if you love me darling Violetta. Sing and make him cut his own life short."Charles said before he collapsed.

Violetta opened her mouth, but then dismissed the idea, as mad as she was at her brother for killing the one she loved.

"Why?"was all she said.

"He didn't love you. He felt an aura about you and knew you could help him...he used your powers to bring Britannia down, dear sister."Igneus said.

"No. Charles loved me!"Violetta insisted.

"No, dear sister. He did not."Igneus corrected.

"You've not known him near as long as you've known me. Who shall you trust?"

Violetta, teary eyed, ran outside and got on her nitemare steed riding off towards the village.

"Why?"she kept asking herself.

Violetta made her way back to the village, as she hadn't eaten anything in quite awhile. Not long afterward, the girl undid her wrongs and fixed everything as it could be.

Brittania was at peace at last. Well, for a little while anyway.